

Death Clue #3

Poe contracted cholera weeks before arriving in Richmond and had a manic episode. Once again, Poe expected to die before the conclusion of his trip.

I have been so ill—have had the cholera, or spasms quiet as bad, and can now hardly hold the pen . . . The very instant you get this, *come* to me. The joy of seeing you will almost compensate for our sorrows. We can but die together. It is no use to reason with me *now*; I must die. I have no desire to life since I have done “Eureka.” I could accomplish nothing more. For your sake it would be sweet to live, but we must die together. You have been all in all to me, darling, ever beloved mother, and dearest, truest friend. . . I was never *really* insane, except on occasions where my heart was touched... I have been taken to prison once since I came here for spreeing drunk; but *then* I was note. It was about Virginia.

—Edgar Allan Poe, *Letter to his mother-in-law Maria Clemm, June 7, 1849*